

O'BRIEN & SLEATOR  
ALPENA COUNTY  
ABSTRACT OFFICE  
—GENERAL—  
Real Estate Dealers

MICHIGAN CENTRAL  
"The Niagara Falls Route."

| Le. Bay City.                     | Ar. Bay City. |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| 10:45 a.m. Jackson & Chicago Ex.  | 11:20 a.m.    |
| 11:00 a.m. Holland Accon.         | 11:30 a.m.    |
| 11:15 a.m. Detroit & Eastern      | 11:45 a.m.    |
| 11:30 a.m. Grayling Accommodation | 12:00 p.m.    |
| 11:45 a.m. Saginaw & Accon.       | 12:15 p.m.    |
| 12:00 p.m. Mackinaw Ex.           | 12:30 p.m.    |
| 12:15 p.m. Detroit & Eastern      | 12:45 p.m.    |
| 12:30 p.m. Grayling Accommodation | 1:00 p.m.     |
| 12:45 p.m. Saginaw & Accon.       | 1:15 p.m.     |
| 1:00 p.m. Mackinaw Ex.            | 1:30 p.m.     |
| 1:15 p.m. Detroit & Eastern       | 1:45 p.m.     |
| 1:30 p.m. Grayling Accommodation  | 2:00 p.m.     |
| 1:45 p.m. Saginaw & Accon.        | 2:15 p.m.     |
| 2:00 p.m. Mackinaw Ex.            | 2:30 p.m.     |

\* Daily. 1 Daily except Sunday. Parlor car on day trains and sleeping cars on night trains.

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# Alpena Weekly Argus

VOL. XX, NO. 42.

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 1030.

O. L. PARTRIDGE.  
Real Estate Agent  
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goods. The Prices on our

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popular every day.

Care, Treatment and Preservation of Teeth, with Gold or Silver  
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lead of all other dentists in the kind of work.

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work in most approved style, at prices  
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Stomach Troubles, Liver Diseases,  
Kidney Troubles, Bladder Troubles, Stricture,  
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Eczema, Psoriasis, and all Skin Diseases, etc.

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## WIT AND HUMOR

"Have you heard the new cantan-  
tine, Miss Screecher?" "Yes." "She  
has a great voice, hasn't she?" "Yes;  
I notice it always grates on the ear."  
—Ex.

"That actor is pretty prominent on  
the bill boards," remarked the guest  
at the hotel. "Yes, very obscure on  
the board bills," replied the landlord.  
—Washington Post.

It is commonly said that a man  
never knows what to do with his  
hands, and we don't wonder, with so  
many nice marriageable girls in the  
market.—Exchange.

The wagon that goes the fastest is  
called the sulky, and the horse that  
doesn't go at all bears precisely the  
same name. This is misleading.—  
New York Recorder.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, who  
has been trying to make the prelimi-  
nary preparations with a needle and  
thread. "I do believe this needle is  
cross-eyed!"—Washington Post.

"Well," said Mr. Caudle, "since  
you've got that new spring bonnet  
there's no living with you. A spring  
bonnet always does go to a woman's  
head, anyway."—Philadelphia Rec-  
ord.

Bleakley—"What would you do,  
Doctor, if you had a bad cold?"  
Doctor—"I'd consult a reputable  
physician, sir!" Bleakley—"I don't  
suppose you could tell me where  
I could find one, Doctor, could you?"  
—Ex.

"Hello, old man, haven't seen you  
for two years. Last time you were  
courting a beautiful girl." "Oh, don't  
remind me of that." "What! Did  
she jilt you?" "No. I married her."  
—Ex.

Mrs. Snaggs—"Young Mr. Din-  
widdie is a bachelor of arts, isn't he?"  
Snaggs—"I suppose that's what  
you might call him. He has escaped  
the wiles of woman so far."—Pittsburg  
Chronicle.

Mrs. Malaprop sometimes hits the  
nail on the head. It rained in torrents  
as she left the church Sunday morn-  
ing without an umbrella. "How ir-  
rigating this is!" she ejaculated.  
—New York Herald.

"You are out with Miss Rox?"  
"Yes, her father put an extinguish-  
er on the affair."  
"You've done sparking, then?"  
"No, I've gone back to an old  
flame."—Cape Cod Item.

"You seem to be having a nice time  
of it here," said the irate parent to  
the young man whom he caught kiss-  
ing his daughter in the hall.  
"Nice!" said the young man  
smacking his lips, "that's no name for  
it!"—New York Press.

Cuffy—"Why, how did yer get in ter  
the circus?"  
Duffy—"W-y, yer see, I was a lookin'  
under the canvas 'n' a big showman  
com' along 'nd kicked me clear in."  
Cuffy—"Jes whack! you're allers a  
lucky cuss, Duffy."—Ex.

Mrs. Uptodate—"The committee  
has decided to stop sending clothing  
to the heathen during the summer.  
We are going to work in a new field."  
Mrs. Lovetogive—"Indeed."  
Mrs. Uptodate—"Yes; we are  
going to send the clothing to the sea-  
side resorts."—New York Herald.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a  
stranger of the young man at the con-  
cert who was applauding vigorously  
after a pretty girl had sung a song in  
a very painful way. "Not particular-  
ly," replied the young man, frankly,  
"but I am extremely fond of the  
musician."—Somerville Journal.

Tattered Tompkins—"Come what  
may, this is positively my last appear-  
ance as a faint-away."  
Breezy Whiskers—"Didn't it  
work?"

Tattered Tompkins—"Work! I  
lay on my back in the mud, calling  
for whisky, and a big fat copper  
shouted: 'Give him air!'—Puck.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked a  
visitor of an important looking man.  
"No, sir. I'm the master painter."  
"Is that the proprietor?" he con-  
tinued, pointing to a man even more  
imposing in appearance.

"No, sir. He's the walking delegate.  
That little man mixing paint in the  
corner is the proprietor."—New York  
Recorder.

Mrs. Pterby—"What were you  
and your cousin Frank talking about  
on the stairs?"  
Faunty—"Just think of it. He  
grabbed me by the wrist so I could  
not get away and tried to kiss me on  
my cheek."  
"I hope you did not permit him?"  
"Why, ma, what makes you talk  
that way? I thought you had a  
better opinion of me than that."  
"Well, what did you do to prevent  
him from kissing you on the cheek?"  
"Held up my mouth."—Texas  
Siftings.

## Yarns About Whales

Generally speaking, to have been a  
Nantucket captain in the whaling  
days was to have become past master  
of the art of spinning yarns. There  
was a great deal of time on the voyages  
writes a correspondent, where there  
was practically nothing to do or  
think of, and the Nantucket mind  
being very active and original the  
mariners no doubt used the opportu-  
nity in winding up the wonderful yarns  
that they subsequently reeled off in the  
captains' room in Nantucket town.  
When they were gathered there it  
was a point of honor, of course, with  
each veteran not to let anyone tell a  
bigger yarn than his own. They  
were all, moreover, very exact and  
circumstantial in their nautical de-  
tails. Every story had the flavor of  
tar and truth.

One day in the captains' room the  
conversation turned upon the swift-  
ness with which a boat could be  
drawn through the water by a whale  
which had been harpooned. By and  
by the talk began to verge upon the  
wonderful, and then Capt. A— was  
the first of the yarn spinners to be  
stirred up.

"Ahem!" said he, "there was a  
whale that we tackled off the Galap-  
agos Islands that'd ask no odds, I  
reckon, of your Flyin' Dude nor any  
other railroad train. We was in lati-  
tude 2° 10' south, longitude 94° 3'  
west, with a calm sea, when we see  
her blow. We lowered; I went out  
with the boat, and we throwed in  
three irons. Away she went! An'  
if you'll believe me, gentlemen, we  
went through the water so fast that  
presently we had to cut the line and  
wait for our breath to come and catch  
up with us."

The assembly nodded approbation.  
There was a little silence, and Capt.  
B—, taking a fresh quid, which gave  
his voice a sort of cottony thickness,  
proceeded to tell his story.

"In the year 1842," he said, "we'd  
about done with the season's catch,  
and were lookin' about a little in 43°  
north, 183° 16' west, on a hazy day  
in September, somethin' the same as  
this one we're havin'." It was just six  
bells when we had a chance to fasten  
on to one of the biggest whales I ever  
see. She was a bowhead and about  
eighty feet long. Off she started like  
a ball from a rifle. Breath! why we  
weren't a-breathin'; we didn't stop to  
think about breathin', boys. If we  
could keep together without breathin'  
we considered we were doin' well.  
Somethin' queer seemed to be jerkin'  
all the time at the top of my head and  
the sides of my face; and what should  
I see but that the hair was a flyin'  
right off o' my head! That's what it  
was a-doin', boys; and before that  
whale went down there wasn't a man  
in the boat that had a hair on his  
head nor a bristle on his face."

"Blowed 'em off, eh?" said Capt.  
C—.

"Slick and clean, John," said Capt.  
B—.

"The speed took every hair off'n  
our heads and left us as bald as a  
marlin'spike."

"That's tolerably fast," said Capt.  
C—, "but it don't come up with  
the experience I had with a vicious  
finback in '39, off the South Shetlands.  
He was in 59° 48' south, 62° 2' west,  
when we lowered and fastened to the  
beast I speak of. He was a gamey  
critter, long and slim, like a race  
horse. Away he went, and away we  
went. We hung on to our har and  
our whale at the same time, and we  
kept our breath in spite of it; but the  
fast thing we knew we heard the nails  
begin to fly out of our boat."

The company straightened up and  
looked at one another.

"On we went," Capt. C— contin-  
ued, "clingin' for dear life; but we  
was goin' so fast, gentlemen, that—an'  
I don't never expect my word to be  
took in Nantucket agin if you don't  
believe me—the friction of the water  
drawed every nail and bolt out o' the  
boat, so't she fell to pieces and left  
us sprawlin' in the water. And if  
there hadn't a-b'en a fair wind, so't  
the ship overhauled us a couple of  
hours afterward, while we was a-hangin'  
on to the loose timbers that the boat  
was made of, we never'd a-sighted  
Sankaty Head agin."

The company was now thoroughly  
aroused. The emergency called for a  
really distinguished and original liar,  
and happily the company possessed  
one in the venerable Capt. D—, who  
had sailed in all known seas, and in  
every manner of whaling and mer-  
chant craft. On Nantucket or off  
island, there was never his rival at a  
yarn.

"H'm," said he, calmly, and waited  
a moment, chewing with his front  
teeth reflectively. "Yes, I guess it  
was '45—or so, 'twas '46, for I re-  
member the night before we see the  
reflection of the great fire in Nantuck-  
et."

"The reflection—?" the great  
fire!"

## There was a general gasp around the circle.

"And you was in what part o' the  
world cap'n?" asked one.

"On the northerly edge of the  
Pacific Sagasso, in about 40° north,  
150° west," said Capt. D—, with-  
out flinching. "We were on our way  
back from Behring. We had sighted  
the seaweed drift to the south'ard,  
when we see, a little to the west'ard, a  
monster, the like of which I never see  
before nor since. She looked about  
half a mile long, and she humped her  
back up along the water once in  
about a ship's length. Yes, boys, it  
was a sea serpent, an' no mistake.  
But in those days I waint afraid of  
nothing. I ordered a boat lowered,  
and I went off in her myself. The  
serpent never made a sign of notice'  
until we was pretty close alongside,  
and then, like a flash, I and Joe  
Folger put a couple of irons into her."

"I tell you, no mortal man never  
see anything like the speed that that  
sea serpent went off to the north'ard.  
It makes me ketch my breath to think  
on't. Lightnin' would compare with  
it about the way the 'Sonnet in com-  
paris with lightnin'." But we hung on,  
gentlemen, and then the thing occur-  
ed that I'm a-tellin' ye about. Hap-  
penin' to look back, I see what was  
seemingly our own boat—which was  
an extra large green-painted whale-  
boat—follerin' along behind us. I  
looked again down to the boat that  
we was a-settin' in, and there she was  
right under us, to be sure, safe and  
stanch, but without a shred o' paint  
on her. An' now I'll tell ye what  
had happened: We had been goin' so  
fast that the speed had drawn the  
boat clean out of her paint and left  
the paint followin' after us with the  
momentum!"

It needed no announcement to  
make the audience acquainted with  
the fact that the entertainment was  
done for the day. The party in the  
captains' room silently adjourned for  
supper.—Ex.

**Didn't Know Her Sister.**  
Two ladies, both living in Atlanta  
now, were the principal figures in a  
rather novel story recently.

Mrs. Smith has lived in Atlanta for  
some time. She knew that she had  
a married sister named Mrs. Green,  
but had never seen the Mrs. Green of  
the family, nor any of the children,  
and in the lapse of years since she had  
seen her sister as a girl she had nearly  
forgotten her, too.

Mrs. Green, on the other hand,  
knew that she had a sister named  
Mrs. Smith living in Atlanta, but  
didn't know exactly where or how to  
find out where, so when she came to  
Atlanta Mrs. Smith knew nothing  
about it.

Mrs. Green finally decided upon a  
neat little cottage near Alexander  
street, and Mrs. Green was satisfied,  
so they moved out there and are liv-  
ing there now.

By a curious accident their next  
door neighbor was a Mrs. Smith, the  
sister of Mrs. Green. The two ladies  
were soon upon speaking terms, bor-  
rowed sugar and coffee in a neighborly  
fashion, and each was highly satisfied  
with her next door neighbor.

A few days ago the two ladies were  
at their front gates at the same time.  
They each bought a watermelon from  
the same country wagon, and then  
met at the fence for a neighborly little  
chat.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Green,  
as she shaded her eyes with her fan,  
"that I have a married sister living in  
Atlanta named Mrs. Smith?"

"No. That's queer, for I have a  
married sister somewhere in Georgia  
named Mrs. Green."

"Oh, I do believe I'm your sister!"  
"And I believe I'm your sister,  
too."

And over the low paling fence be-  
tween their home the two sisters for  
the first time in years, embraced each  
other.

They had been next door neighbors  
twenty-nine days before they found  
out that they were sisters.—Atlanta  
Constitution.

In some places in Canada, where  
he recently addressed public meetings  
Maj. Butterworth, of Ohio, found that  
Scotchmen composed a large propor-  
tion of the leading citizens. It must  
have been at such a place that an in-  
cident occurred which the major de-  
scribes with much gusto. "Every  
time I was called on to speak," he  
said, "a band of music was sure to  
strike up Yankee Doodle. At one  
place, after the band had concluded,  
I assumed an earnest expression as  
I could, raised my hand and in a tone  
hovering between uncertainty and  
conviction began: 'It seems to me  
that I have heard that tune before;  
it sounds familiar to my ears; yes, I  
am almost sure that I have heard it  
before.' At this point somebody pulled  
the skirt of my coat and a glance  
backward showed me one of the dig-  
nities who, with a face that betrayed  
the greatest anxiety to 'help me  
out' and a voice lowered to a hoarse  
whisper, said: 'You're right; you  
must have heard it before; it's Yankee  
Doodle, you know.' Oh, how I longed  
for some weapon and the cheek to  
fire!"

## KEEP YOUR Ear & Eyes

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the  
**CROWD**

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of OUR

**WORKING PANTS** are Warranted  
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